THE THEATRES

B.S.G.

THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

- Orpheum—All week, vaudeville.
- Grand—First half of week, beginning tonight, "Anita;" last half, beginning Thursday, "Wedded But No Wife."
- Lyric—All week, beginning tonight, "Northern Lights."

PROMISE OF THE PLAYHOUSES

The date has been set for the sixth Symphony concert, and it will take place Friday afternoon, December 14, in the theatre. For the first time in the brief history of the symphony orchestra a step has been taken to procure outside talent for the concert, and at a good deal of expense and trouble. Anton Hekking, the great cellist, has been secured for that date. Mr. Hekking is considered one of the leading cellists of the day and his coming is looked forward to by musicians and by those who love music. The orchestra is already in active practice and will play a program of four numbers. Their first number will be Weber's overture from "Euryanthe." The others are a suite by Massent "Scenes Pittoresques," a double number by Rubenstein and a march, "Slav," by Tschaikowsky.

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Madame Schumann Heink, the great singer who comes to Salt Lake the last night of the year, is having a serious time to get her children into this country as real Americans, no matter how much she desires that they be brought up as such. Germany is so loath to part with likely subjects of her own that she hems them in with all sorts of rules and regulations. One writer, speaking of the situation, recently says:

"Owing to the peculiarities of German law, Schumann-Heink, since her marriage to an American, no longer controls her estate in Germany and loses the custody of her children. An arrangement has been made whereby her younger children accompany their mother to the United States on condition that they be educated according to German ideas, and that the boys return to Germany for military service when they have reached the age when service is required. In case they do not go back, their share of their mother's estate will be confiscated."

Vaudeville at Orpheum.

There will be an unusual program at the Orpheum this week which will appeal to the jaded habitue of vaudeville who has acquired the habit and who would no more think of missing a show than he would of passing up a good perfecto. The offering this week is new and a good card from the grab box of modern vaudeville. In the headliner, an exquisitely ridiculous act, the old veteran will be able to say, "Backward, oh backward, Time turned in his flight and made us all boys again just for this night!" It is nothing more or less than the old slap-stick pantomine of the sixties brought up to the twentieth century. This original comic pantomine is presented by the Zazell and Vernon company under the title of "The Elopement." They are today among the best of the dumb show exponents and it is no flattery to their efforts to say that when people can keep a big audience in roars of laughter for twenty minutes without uttering a word that they are indeed artists.

Another strong attraction comes in the Three Roses, also of fresh faced girls who play violins, pianos and cellos and sing at the same time. This act is a good one—among the best musical acts presented at the Orpheum to date.

Salt Lake had its appetite whetted for the latest fad, the protean drama, when Margaret Whycherly was here some weeks ago. This week Preston Kendall, who is recognized as America's foremost protean actor, will present a war drama, "Across the Lines," playing six of the characters himself, including both male and female. Aside from the quick changes in costumes and make-up the playlet carries interest of no mean merit.

Adamini and Taylor, artistic duettists, as "The Wandering Minstrels," present a pleasing offering. They have splendid voices and know how to use them. The fact that they are popular with the occupants of the boxes and the gallery alike speaks well for their welcome here.

Woods and Woods will furnish the gymnastic turn and as novelty tight wire artists they have made good wherever they have appeared.

Mexias and Mexias with a turn devoted to balancing feats also will be one of the features, while the kinodrome will reel off several hundred feet of motion picture films, depicting the Wolf Trap and Pals, or My Friend the Dummy.

"Northern Lights."

"Northern Lights" is the bill which will be presented at the Lyric all next week. It is the greatest of romantic American dramas of the present day and deals with the great war between the Indians and the whites, in which Custer and his brave band were massacred by the greatest of Indian warriors, Sitting Bull. It takes an extra large company to present this great play, as it requires sixteen actors and thirty soldiers and ten stage carpenters, which will no doubt fill the Lyric stage to its capacity. "Northern Lights" was the first play to present to the American public the character of an educated Indian and was produced many seasons before "Strongheart" or any of the present Indian plays. There will be no advance in prices for this big production.

"Anita."

The management takes great pleasure in announcing the appearance in this city for the first time this evening, of that famous comedy drama entitled "Anita, the Singing Girl." This play has met with enormous success in the east where the critics have been most profuse in their approval, not only of the play itself but of the extraordinary good cast, all eastern artists. Special scenery and electrical effects help to make the production first-class in every respect. It is a pretty story—pathetically told by that well-known author, Owen Davis; a marvel in stage craft replete with startling effects, it appeals to every class of humanity.

The play opens in the roof garden of a well known Spanish settlement where Anita comes to sing for the patrons of the place for money, urged on by her Spanish captor Manuel Gomez—who thus makes her earn her living. She has been brought up in the belief that her father wronged her mother and she has sworn to kill him whenever she might find him. The story takes us through many interesting scenes among them the New York river dock scene, the handsome Tremont mansion and the rude attic where she nurses her father and yet does not knew him. The engagement is for four nights with a Wednesday family matinee.

"Wedded, but No Wife.."

On Thursday evening of this week one of the strongest emotional melodramas of the day will be seen for the first time locally, in M. J. Fielding's "Wedded, but no Wife." The engagement will be for three nights only, with a family matinee on Saturday afternoon. The play has for five years been an eastern success, and comes west for the first time at popular prices with the stamp of approval of the entire eastern press and public. The management claims that the company presenting the play is an excellent one, the principals being practiced hands in the art of producing melodrama. The play is an everyday sermon, that sermonizes without becoming tiresome, and is a piece that every woman should see.

"Checkers."

"Checkers" promised engagement here will be played at the Salt Lake Theatre on Tuesday, November 13. The company comes here after its fourteenth engagement in New York within three years. And by way of showing the grip the play has on the theatregoers of that city, it will return to New York soon to play another engagement later this season. It will be seen here with substantially the complete New York cast. It is reported a play full of American humor and with as pretty a love story as has been heard in many a long day. It is pronounced wholly free from both vulgarity and suggestiveness.

Leoncavallo.

The appearance of Ruggero Leoncavallo, the noted Italian composer, at Tabernacle on November 29, conducting the famous orchestra and lyric artists of 65 from La Scala, Milan, promises to be quite the most pretentious musical event of the season, besides making the composer's first appearance in America. Leoncavallo's debut in New York was one of the most successful ever witnessed in Carnegie Hall and was the means of beginning the Metropolitan musical season in an auspicious manner. The program consisted of the principal numbers in "Zaza," a new opera for which Leoncavallo has received numerous offers from American impresarios. The work proved to be even more pretentious than his "Pagliacci," which, before now, has been the only work of the composer heard in America. The Septelle, from "Chatterton," his first important opera, a duo from "Medici," selections from "Boheme," the overture to "Roland de Berlin," and his new "Ave Maria," dedicated to his holiness Pope Pius X, comprised the coterie of innovations introduced in America for the first time. While these works will be well represented on Leoncavallo's program here the principal features will be taken from his "Pagliacci," which will be sung by Mesdames Calvi, Rizzini, Ferrabini, Signors Parya, Barbaini, De Ferran and Belleti. The engagement is brought about through the endeavors of Mr. Pyper of the theatre.

Louis Mann thinks he is an authority on laughter. Here are some of his opinions on the subject recently delivered:

"The first smile is observed when a child is about forty to sixty days old but does not begin to laugh until some time after that."

"Children and women laugh more than men, because they are more excitable, and because the moderating power of the brain is less in them than among men generally."

"Laughter is not so much an index to intelligence as it is to the condition of health."

"The envious, wicked and malevolent rarely laugh, because they are impregnated with bile, and are, therefore, morose. The haughty, the vain, and the awkward, also laugh very little, for fear of losing their dignity. The Spanish people, proverbially grave, are a good example."

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After his performance in "The Red Mill" at the Knickerbocker theatre in New York one night recently Fred Stone sat down to a lobster supper with Tom Sharkey, the fighter.

The claws were off the lobster served Sharkey.

"Bring my lobster with the claws on!" he ordered.

"That one's all right, Tom," interposed Stone, with a wink at the waiter, "they come that way sometimes—get to fighting in the water and wallop each other's mitts off."

"Then bring me the winner," said Sharkey.

FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

The late Sir Henry Irving was at one time a witness in a case of street robbery. He had seen a sneak thief make off with a girl's pocketbook, and he consented to appear as a witness for the girl.

The thief's lawyer was of the type that roars and rants at witnesses and attempts to break them down. He tried this method on the distinguished actor.

"And at what hour, sir, did this happen?" asked the lawyer.

"I think—" began Sir Henry, when the lawyer interrupted him with:

"It isn't what you think, sir; it's what you know that we want."

"Don't you want to know what I think" mildly asked the actor.

"I do not," the lawyer snapped out.

"Well, then," said Sir Henry. "I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer."

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When Robert Edeson walked into his garden at his country place in Sag Harbor a few mornings ago, he found his gardener with a small oil can limbering up the lawn mower.

"Where did you get the oil?" asked Edeson.

"In the cellar, sir."

"We had no machine oil in the cellar."

"I know it, sir."

"Well, what are you using?"

"The oil from the Italian can I found there."

"My Italian oil! My salad oil!" exclaimed Edeson. "Stop it, man! Stop it! I brought that all the way from Rome, and it cost me as much as your month's wages."

* * *

The play with the happiest ending, says the London Sketch, is "Hamlet," because you know very well that all those poor dears are out of their troubles. They were fairly happy while they were alive. The guilty king and queen had a pretty good time of it, I suspect, although Hamlet was a bit of a nuisance. As for Hamlet himself, no man ever enjoyed running amuck as he did. Day after day he hugged himself to think that he was to have the pleasure of sticking his sword into his uncle. And he had such an admirable excuse for gratifying his murderous tastes! Depend upon it, Hamlet was happy enough. But, for all that, it is nice to see him dead and to feel quite certain that he will make no more of those brain racking speeches and have no more of those tiresome domestic quarrels. Death, then, is the one happy ending to a play or a story.

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Morris McHugh of the Players' Stock company finds time between matinee and night performances to scribble a bit. He observed as follows one day recently:

In the game of hearts, when in doubt lead diamonds.

All the world's a stage. I wish there were more intermissions.

The keenest critic of him who can is he who cannot.

Truth may have been stranger than fiction, before the days of the tank melodrama. Not now.

The blind pianist plays with much feeling.

Little things tell—some children for instance.

People never discover what a corrupt thing the stage is until they cannot get on it.

No man is the same all the time. Which is the reason why it is possible to have some respect for some men some time.

Happiness is different from a street car. You continue to run after it after you have caught it.

Who is better fitted to gather a crop of wild oats than a rake?

When a man tells you he is going to stand by you until the last dollar, ask him whose last dollar he means.

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Caruso, the tenor, is a ventriloquist as well, and in New York before he sailed for home, he told at a farewell dinner a story of his ventriloquial skill.

"I was one of a house party at a millionaire's great new castle overlooking the Hudson," he said. "Tea had been served in the garden, and after tea I sang. Then I consented to essay a little ventriloquism, and the fifty or sixty guests grew very still.

"Behind me rose a superb tree. Looking up into the thick foliage, I shouted in a loud and angry voice:

"'Hello! What are you doing up there?'

"To my amazement a thin young voice replitd:

"'I ain't doin' no harm, mister. I'm just a-watchin' the big bugs.'

"The guests glanced at one another, smiling appreciatively. Pulling myself together, I went on:

"'Did any one give you permission to climb up into that tree?'

"'Yes, sir. The groom, sir. He's my cousin.'

"'Well, said I, 'so far there's no harm done. But be careful not to fall, and don't let any one see you.'

"'All right, mister,' said the humble voice.

"I turned to my audience, and smiled and bowed triumphantly. They broke into thunderous applause. They said that they had never listened to ventriloquism so superb. And they were quite right, too."

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Here is a good story of the late English comedian, Toole, that will be new to many.

"What I want is a bright, short play," said Toole to the amateur who had brought him a six-act drama.

"How do you mean—a short, bright drama?" asked the author. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Toole; "here's one. It's direct and leaves much to the imagination.

"It is in one act.

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young fellow. They embrace; neither of them says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer.

"The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy Colt's revolver, and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine fires.

"The young woman falls dead.

"He fires again and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses, and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work. 'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'"

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An unknown dramatist came forward last winter with a play that was accounted one of the minor triumphs of the season. The first play of a beginner was acclaimed a remarkable piece of work and there were the customary comments on the excellence of a first play. The justice of this characterization was shown later. The author has had two other works accepted for production during the coming season, and last month three others were copyrighted at Washington. The drama seen last year was a creditable performance and the author deserved all the credit she got, but it was no more a first play than such pieces usually are.

Clyde Fitch's first play is said to have been produced ten years after he wrote it, and many unsuccessful dramas had intervened before this comedy saw the light. Hubert Davies' "Cousin Kate," which won him his vogue in London, was written after "Cynthia" and "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace."

"The man who feels that he has talent for playwriting," a manager told a reporter, "should not give up because his plays are not bought at once. He should keep at work just as steadily as if he expected to sell them as fast as they are finished. The demand for plays is at present so great that he will be able to sell them all after he has made one hit.

"These researches into old dramas are not very likely to bring forth much that is worthy, but I have yet to see the manager who would not take these pieces or the playwright who would not use them. There is, of course, the money and also the dramatist's confidence in his work. I cannot now recall a case in which the first success was the writer's first play; so the large army of playwrights who expect to come into their own some day should simply keep on the job and write plays as if they had already received their $1,000 in advance royalties."

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Henry P. Goddard, who was well acquainted with Charlotte Cushman, writes his reminiscences in the Theatre Magazine for August. Says he:

"Miss Cushman was 56 years of age at this time (1872), but looked older. Her face showed the marks of intellect more than that of any woman I ever met, with the possible exception of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Her hair was iron gray, her features strong, but her chin protruding in a manner not altogether pleasing. There was about her a suggestion of masculinity that served to explain her great success in her earlier life in playing Romeo and other male roles opposite to the heroines of her sister Susan, a beautiful woman, but far inferior to Charlotte as an actress. In conversation she was very interesting, every word being thoughtful and well considered. Reverence was a marked characteristic of her nature; one felt sure that she could never trifle with sacred subjects. In speaking of her plans for the future, she always began 'An' it please God,' with a quick but reverent gesture of the head that was very impressive. When the conversation turned at last to her profession, she said that her stage life had always been as separate from her personal life as one sea from another. She told me that, in her fifteen years' absence from the stage, she had grown while she slept and had returned to her profession with renewed zest. She stated that in great roles she felt the passion she assumed; that the Anglo-Saxon has too much self-consciousness to be able to impress an audience otherwise, although a Frenchman or Italian may put on and off a character and act it well with perhaps an entire lack of self-consciousness. Miss Cushman added that although the most self-conscious, we are by no means the most conceited race; that the French are that, as the Germans are the most phlegmatic in manner. She added that other languages offer great advantages over English by the greater dramatic effect that can be produced by the enunciation of a single word.

"Miss Cushman spoke in high terms of Mr. Jefferson as a man, and placed him at the head of his profession as an actor, but of the Booth family as actors, her criticism was that 'they had pampered the popular taste with jellies, instead of feeding it with strong meat.'"

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William Collier was telling of one of the "trips across" he made. "We encountered rough weather," he related, "and every one had to abandon the deck for two days, and we became like a big family party ni the cabin; in fact, a stag party, for the women were not among those present. Nearly every nation was represented, and we had considerable fun with a French count, who was something of a dandy.

"At length one of the boys addressed him facetiously. 'I say, Count, if you were to choose an American bride, what style would appeal to you, a girl with brown eyes and brown hair, a girl with black hair and gray eyes, or a girl with red hair and blue eyes?'

"The count thought for a minute, shrugged his shoulders, and answered indifferently: 'Ah, monsieur, I care not so much for ze color of ze eye or ze color of ze hair, so long as she have ze green back.'"

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At the Lambs' club one afternoon some one, complimenting Henry Blossom on the hit of "The Red Mill," the new Blossom-Herbert musical comedy, with which Montgomery and Stone are doing so well—Blossom's fourth success by the way—asked the author if he believed in the existence of the quality commonly called genius.

"Genius," answered Blossom, "is a bit of beeswax, stuck fast between the seat of a chair and one's—er—overalls until his work is done!"

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Colton Maynard, an instructor in English at Cheshire academy, Cheshire, Conn., has been in the habit for some time of asking the boys in his Shakespeare class to give appropriate titles for the scenes in different plays. The other day, after reading "The Merchant of Venice," he asked one of the boys to suggest a good title for the scene where Jessica steals away from her father's house with Lorenzo. The boy showed his familiarity with melodrama, if not with Shakespeare, by answering quickly, "No mother to guide her."

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Fritzi Scheff doesn't want any more of grand opera. A Berlin impresario, during the prima donna's trip abroad last summer, tried to engage her for a between season's continental tour.

"No more grand opera for me," replied the singer; "there's nothing like singing in comic opera, especially in America. Comic opera audiences laugh so—why, it's like telling a funny story to some one who owes you money!"

* * *

Willis Kiss is being tried out as a chorus man in "My Lady's Maid" in New York. Willie's definition of love is as follows:

Buss—A kiss.
Rebus—To kiss again.
Pluribus—To kiss many times.
Syllabus—To kiss a homely girl.
Blunderbus—To kiss the wrong person.
Omnibus—To kiss everybody.
Erebus—To kiss in the dark.

* * *

Leo Ditrichstein is a believer in the theory that men are creatures of environment and imagination, and tells the following story in support of his idea:

"It's only four weeks since I was standing at the entrance to an elevator on the ground floor of a hotel in Buffalo when a convivial but unfortunate Thespian whom I formerly knew attracted my attention. With emotional speculation begot by long-continued thirst, he was anxiously watching a waiter who was bearing aloft a bottle of champagne and two glasses.

"'My!' said he, 'I see 'em now sittin' on opposite sides of the table, each one of 'em sipping the bubbles, pledging each other's health and thinkin' about another bottle.'

"Presently," continued Mr. Ditrichstein, "the same waiter started for the elevator again, this time having on his tray two bottles and two glasses. The eyes of the impecunious and thirsty one fairly glistened.

"'There they go again!' he murmured in ecstacy. 'Two folks and two bots! I can just see 'em, shaking hands with each other and getting rich. Why, this does me almost as much good as if I was there.'

"A brief interval, and then for the third time the servitor is wafted upward, and now he has three bottles and still but a brace of goblets. The Thespian began to reel.

"'Hurray!' he yelled—'it's all off for 'em, it's all off for everybody. They're singin' and dancin', and in a little while they'll be givin' away libraries and establishin' homes. Everybody's rich now,' and he started for the elevator.

"'Why, where're you going, old man,' I asked, as I touched him on the shoulder.

"'Oh! goin' upstairs, hic—goin' upstairs to sleep it off!'"

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Katie Barry, who plays the title role in "Mamselle Sallie," though an English woman, appreciates the English sense of humor. As she describes it, "an Englishman is a paradox when it comes to humor, for he is the only person in the world who can see a point when there is none and fail to see one when it is evident."

In this connection she tells a story on an English performer of a minor grade who came to this country a couple of seasons ago to appear in vaudeville. Knowing him on the other side, she went to his opening the first night to give him a word of cheer and welcome. Owing to the novelty of his act, more than to his personal merit, he made an immediate hit and at the conclusion of his sketch was given a curtain call. Standing by the proscenium arch, a jumble of nerves and confusion, he thanked his audience as follows:

"Ladies an' gentlemen, I beg to thank you for this very generous outburst of applause and enthusiasm, and wish to say that woids file to express me feelings and hemotions. Coming as I do, a stranger within your gites, Hi 'ardly know what to say in response to your kind treatment, and, without wishing to be short in my remarks, I moight say that the only way I 'ave of showing my gratitude is by hassuring you that next season upon my return to your country, Hi shall bring the missus with me."

PRESTON KENDALL,
America's Foremost Protean Actor at the Orpheum This Week.

The Rubaiyat of a Special Tour.

(Dedicated by Hector Fuller to Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier.)

Wake! for the sun which scatters into flight
Our half-scared hours when we would sleep at night,
Says "Quick, here's another town to play,
Come, artists, hurry! snatch a little bite."

And ere the cock crew we who stood before,
The railway lunch stand, eating, heard a roar;
We were in Oshkosh, but the message ran;
"Guilbert and Chevalier's train for Baltimore."

"I sometimes think," Albert Chevalier said,
"That I shall go on traveling when I am dead.
The Pullman car is penance for my sins,
I would think I could spend one night in bed."

"But ah!" cried Guilbert, "let who will decry
The Yankee railroad—it will not be I:
Around the world in forty days for me.
Methinks I'll rest in Paris by and by.

"Think of that wretched caravanserai,
Where we just snatched a hasty lunch today,
You got a sandwich—I, but one stale egg.
And yet in Montreal we have to play.

"Yon rising moon that looks for us again,
In one city, but always looks in vain!
We travel almost twice as fast as she;
Come, hurry, Albert, we shall miss the train.

"Yes, I remember stopping by the way;
We really stopped ten minutes yesterday;
As a result we nearly missed the train,
And there was just le diable to pay.

"Je suis fatigue! the mattress does me lure,
No sleep par nuit, no sleep par de bon jour,
And yet our chanson we are bound to chant,
To fill this contract on our farewell tour."